Vol. 16 Dec. 1908

Christmas Number.

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The Camosun.

December 1908

A Merrie Xmas To Alle.

Victoria V.C. College

The Camosun

Published by the Students of Victoria College

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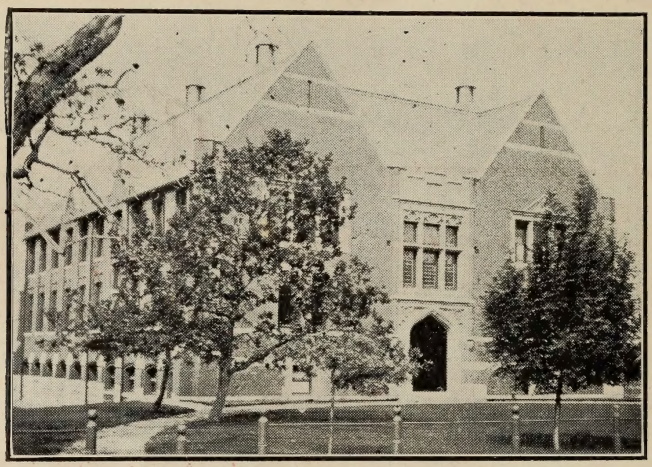

VICTORIA COLLEGE

THE PIECE THAT ROBERT SPOKE.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within his head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner 'Hesperus'—the breaking waves dashed high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!

"When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star,
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

"If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

—Carolyn Wells, in "Saint Nicholas."

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before you go to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you will be asleep inside half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now, for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia, I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First let me say that my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads looked over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windless for him. So as I was sliding down the mountainside the brakeman came in and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station four hundred years ago," he said, calmly folding up the train and putting it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centre pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, up, while I stood on the earth watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—Ex.

TO THE GREEN FRESHMEN.

A green little boy in a green little way,
A green little apple devoured one day,
The green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.

The Camosun

Published monthly by the Students of Victoria College.

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Literary Editor ..... Miss Jean Robinson
Society Editor ..... Miss Vera Adams
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Commercial A .....
Commercial B ..... Miss M. Ledingham

We are late in making our Christmas bow to the students, but we make it with a feeling that the quality of this issue will make up for the delay. We feel justly proud of our cover design and frontispiece, and, while we were again disappointed as regards stories, we have several good contributions. We have enlarged the sporting column and also the part devoted to jokes.

With regard to the January number. It will be necessary for all matter to be handed in the day after the term commences; if this is done we can get out a fairly good issue. Otherwise we will have to be satisfied with twelve or fourteen pages. We look to the older students to help us out next month; we haven't had many contributions from the matriculation classes.

We noted with interest, that several weeks ago one of the daily papers devoted a whole page to an article, accompanied with illustrations, about the Cadet Corps belonging to one of the private schools of the city. We have no hard feelings against either the

school in question or the paper, but we would like to call the attention of the public to the fact that "there are others."

The Cadet Corps, ever since the time of Captain Cobbett, who, by the way, was one of the best officers produced in this city, has been growing, and now numbers well over a hundred and fifty. The Cadets show great interest in the target practice, and are doing well, as may be seen from the sports column. With this we close the subject, that, as we said before, "there are others."

LAUGHOGRAMS.

A girl recently sent this extraordinary request to the editor of her church paper:

"Do you think it is right for a girl to sit in a man's lap, even if she is engaged?"

The editor answered her question thus: "If it were our girl and our lap, yes; if it were another fellow's girl and our lap, yes; but if it were our girl, and another fellow's lap, never! NEVER! NEVER!"

On his way to school one day a smart lad popped into a hardware store.

"Say mister," he called out, "do you keep knives?"

"Oh, yes," replied the storekeeper, " we've kept them for years."

"Well," returned the boy, starting for the door, "just advertise, and then you won't keep them so long."

The philanthropic old lady was visiting the school. To test the brightness of the rather poor pupils she questioned them.

' Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?"

No one answered.

"Think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come and talk to you for your own good?"

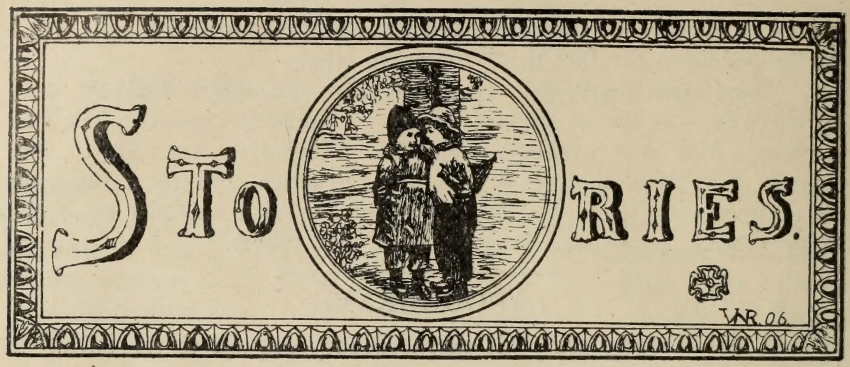
A grimy fist went up.

"Well, what am I doing little boy?"

"Please, ma'am, buttin' in!"

The latest addition to the Murphy family was lusty twin boys. At six months of age they were as like as two peas. One day Mrs. O'Flaherty said to Mrs. Murphy: "Foine pair of boys you've got, Mrs. Murphy, but, bless me soul, how do you iver till thim apart?"

"Faith, and that's aisy, Mrs. O'Flaherty," replied Mrs. Murphy, "I puts me finger in Dinnis' mouth, and if he bites its Moike."



FROM NIKKO TO CHUSENJI.

F. Loenholme.

It was on a warm afternoon in the beginning of July, when we stepped out of the train at Nikko, after having sat in a crowded railway car for five hours. We had traversed a distance of about ninety miles, which is not very far considering the time we took to do them in; our lack of speed, however, was chiefly owing to the fact that we had to stop about every ten or fifteen minutes at a station to take on or let off passengers. As soon as we had left the hall of the station, several jinriksha men surrounded us offering their services. We picked out those who seemed strongest and started off for the hotel. On each side of the long, narrow main street along which we rode stood low Japanese stores with a man or woman sitting on the floor waiting to serve any customer who might come in. Among these stores were seen, at intervals, hotels and tea-houses, which could at once be recognized, being larger than the other houses.

The people of this small town live almost entirely on money brought to them by travelers, both European and Japanese, and thus it may be understood why almost all the buildings are hotels, curio-shops, photographers' shops, etc. Also wood-carving is extensively carried on, some of the carvings being most wonderful pieces of art, being done entirely by hand.

After about fifteen minutes we came to the Daiyagawa, a large stream coming down from the mountains, boiling and foaming as if it were angry at the large rocks which stood in its way. There are two bridges across this river, a white one and a red one, about fifty feet apart. We crossed on the former, as the latter is used by the Imperial Family only, and, riding along the stream for a short distance, turned to the right and arrived at our hotel called 'The

Nikko." It is built after the European style, and the only thing Japanese about it is the well laid out garden which surrounds it.

Nikko is especially noteworthy for the wonderful mausolea of Tyeyasu, the founder of the Togugawa dynasty, and his grandson, Tyemitsu. The temples although constructed entirely of wood and very old, appear to be as free from decay as when they were built. They are briliantly decorated with gold, silver, copper and bright colours; the gables are adorned with carvings of birds and flowers. At the entrance to each temple stand wooden gods of different size, some being over fifteen feet high. These wonderful deities are painted in as many and as bright colours as possible, and are often deformed, having over half a dozen arms or too many or too few fingers and toes. It would take pages and pages to give a detailed description of the many beautiful structures that are clustered on the sacred grounds of Nikko.

Having spent several days looking at all the temples and several beautiful water-falls in the vicinity, we continued our journey to Chusenji, which is about two thousand feet higher up than Nikko and over four thousand feet above the sea level. The distance is about eight miles, the first four of which lead along the rocky bed of the Daiyagawa, and the last four wind up the side of a steep mountain on the summit of which lay our destination. Following the rushing stream which takes up only about one-quarter of the way which it has ploughed itself through the mountains in different years, we noticed an exceptionally large rock, having a volume of at least eight thousand cubic feet. It stands right in the middle of the bed and only a tremendous avalanche can have taken it to its position.

Half way up the mountain we obtained an excellent view of two very pretty water-falls. Going a little further up we came to a tea-house from where there was a wild and imposing view right down the valley, along which we could see the foaming Daiyagawa like a white line winding from side to side for miles. In the middle of the yard of this tea-house there is a large magnetic stone which is said to deflect the needle almost a quarter of the quadrant. On reaching the top we came to the Kegon Water-fall—the outlet of Lake Chusenji. This water-fall is one of the most beautiful in Japan, its height being three hundred and fifty feet. It is, however, very narrow and at times, as after a long drought, almost waterless. The lake itself is a short distance away from this fall.

Chusenji is a very small village consisting of about twenty private summer residences of Europeans, two European and about ten Japanese hotels, several stores, a boat-builder and

several fishermen's huts. The lake is six miles long and two miles broad and is surrounded by a range of mountains, of which the highest is the one behind the village, being about eight thousand feet above the sea. On the top of this mountain there is a small shrine visited annually by about ten thousand pilgrims. It is chiefly for these that there are so many Japanese hotels in this little village, especially as the mountain is accessible to pilgrims on only three successive days in August. In winter the shores of the lake are almost deserted, the Europeans and Japanese returning to their winter resorts, leaving behind a few Japanese to look after the village. These men lead a very lonely life, being confined to their houses most of the time on account of the deep snow.

After spending a pleasant summer at our bungalow at Chusenji, we returned to Tokyo towards the end of September.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The chief pleasure of my life has been travelling. In seventeen years I have lived in nine cities and have attended eleven different schools. As our family consists of five boys and four girls we have been able to derive much pleasure from observing the scenery and the different customs of the people.

I was born seventeen years ago, at Coatham, a summer resort near Redcar on the East coast of Yorkshire, England, near the mouth of the river Tees.

I was taken to North Shields, a fishing town at the mouth of the River Tyne, when still a baby and lived there until I was three years old at which age I went to Falmouth.

Falmouth is in South Cornwall, facing on the English channel.

My recollections of that place are of beautiful fields, long, shady lanes and avenues overgrown with moss, ivy, foxgloves and violets, and of broad white beaches where the waves came rolling in sometimes twelve feet high.

Down on the point was the beautiful fortress of Pendennis Castle and about a mile west from the town was the pretty church of Budock. Often in summer evenings we would walk to Budock church and, even now, I can recall the sound of those bells chiming the tunes of different hymns. After two short years in Falmouth we travelled north to Scotland.

In Edinburgh our chief delight was to explore some old castle or building. We spent one day visiting Edinburgh Castle. We were led all around by a guide who showed us all the different rooms in the Castle and explained their uses. The part I enjoyed most was the armour room.

Another day we explored Holyrood Palace, the one-time home of Mary, Queen of Scots. As it is ten years since this visit took place I remember only the general impression of the Palace, but one room I shall never forget is Mary's own bedroom. Everything is preserved in this room as it was when the ill-fated queen lived there.

On other occasions we visited Waverley Market, the home of John Knox, the monument erected in memory of Sir Walter Scott and many other interesting places.

Several times we boarded a boat at Edinburgh and steamed up the Firth of Forth to the Forth bridge and back again. One summer we camped at Queen's Ferry, a small place right near the famous bridge.

On other occasions we took the train to North Berwick, and again to Bowness. North Berwick is on the coast right opposite the famed Bass Rock. In North Berwick there is a large castle with a moat around it.

When I was seven years old we left Edinburgh and went south to Cardiff. While in Edinburgh we had gone to a large private school. I can plainly remember the time I came home joyous at the fact that I could spell "sparrow" and "multitude."

Cardiff is the third British seaport. It exports coal and iron. There is not much beauty in some parts of the city, but the suburbs are beautiful and there are many summer resorts near to which we often went. The fare to some of these places was about 2½d. or five cents.

When we first went to Cardiff we lived in Grangetown and went to a large public school. On holidays we would take our sketch books and go out all day sketching or go by rail to Barry Island, Sully or Penarth, all watering places near Cardiff.

From Grangetown we moved to Cathays, at the other end of Cardiff. Right opposite was a big barracks and as this was the time of the Boer war we saw all the troops and volunteers practising and drilling before going to South Africa.

Sometimes we went on expeditions to the Garth Mountains or explored the ruined castle of Carphilly, or attended services at Llandaff Cathedral.

In Cathays we first went to a little church school and afterwards attended a school which was built in memory of Mr. Gladstone and named the Gladstone School.

When I was ten years old we left Cardiff and this time went to Abbeywood, a suburb of Woolwich, a city which is reached from London by car in about thirty minutes.

Well I remember that trip from Cardiff to London. We noticed the different manner of speech of the people at each station. How bewildered I was when we got out at Paddington station. It was so large, all covered with glass. It seemed full of cabs, busses and drivers who seemed to be shouting in some foreign language..

Through London we went by underground railway, and then by train to Abbeywood. This was only a small village just building up. We did not stay there long, but moved to Bostall Heath.

Bostall Heath is a beautiful place where many Londoners came in the holidays for a rest, because it is so near the city and yet so far from the noise and dirt. The old Roman road to London from Gravesend ran through Bostall Heath.

While at Bostall Heath we went to see a hospital opened. I have forgotten the name of this hospital, but it was near London and King Edward and Queen Alexandra were opening a new part. We were quite close to the Royal carriage and obtained a good view of their Majesties.

We did not appreciate London then as we do now and did not go there very often, but what we did see of it was very interesting.

For two or three years we had been thinking of coming out to Canada and when I was almost twelve we decided to do so.

We left Woolwich in the evening and travelled through London in the dark. The last we saw of that grand old city was the illuminated sign of "Hotel Cecil."

We arrived at Liverpool the next morning and at twelve o'clock noon left England on the "Lake Erie."

We sailed north up the Irish Sea around the north of Ireland. We were close enough in to see the "Giant's Causeway," and the last we saw of the British Isles was green fields.

On July 17th, 1903, we landed at Quebec and went down to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to visit relations. We stayed there for ten months and had a fine time. We couldn't get enough of the sleighing and skating and were very sorry when the winter was over.

From Halifax we travelled west to Nelson and there spent four happy years. I went to the Nelson Public School for a year and to the High School for a little over two years.

I do not know which was the best in Nelson, summer or winter. In summer we went boating, fishing, berrying and mountain climbing. In winter sleighing and skating claimed all our time.

In November, 1907, we came to Victoria and have been here ever since except for a trip last summer back to Nelson and Creston, a very enjoyable trip.

A. C.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

On the 24th of March, 1891, I was born at New Westminster, B.C., where I lived for the first ten years of my life.

Until I was three years old, I was rather a delicate child, but after that I grew well and strong. I had as healthy an appetite as any child, played as hard, and grew proportionally.

But a child's life is not merely playing, eating and sleeping. A child thinks in his own way. He has his own little troubles and difficulties. At least, I know that I had mine. My dreams terrified me. Monkeys and dogs chased me night after night, and, after I began to go to school, that dreadful janitor followed me and followed me, until I could not move for fear.

At the age of six I was sent to school. I liked to read and spell, but—those dreadful subtraction "sums"—to this day I have kept that dislike for figures.

It must have been about this time that I was told that the earth was round. Scholars say that the development of a child is like the development of a race, and certainly I believed with the people of long ago that the earth was flat. I had the idea that the sky was a covering, and the moon and stars were holes in it, where the light shone through at night.

All our summer holidays were spent at ——— Island. How we did enjoy ourselves there! We built sand castles, dug wells, gathered shells and bathed to our hearts' content.

When I was ten years old, my mother took all of us children, five in number, to her home in Scotland—to show us to our relatives. That was an eventful year for us—full of new sights and experiences. We were sent to school the greater part of the time, and told everyone boldly, like true Canadians, that we thought our own schools nicer than any in Scotland.

On our return to British Columbia, we went to ——— Island to live, and that has been our home ever since.

The first land-mark after our return is my entrance examination. I felt sure at the time that no one had ever before faced such a trial. But I lived through it, and passed successfully.

A year later I was sent to Victoria to attend High School. That is three years ago now, and I am still conning over Latin verbs and struggling with deductions.

[This autobiography and the preceding one were written by first-year students as part of the year's work in English.—Ed.]

HOCKEY.

The Victoria High School girls, under the able captaincy of Miss B. Briggs, have been working hard to get into trim for the coming encounter with Vancouver High School on December 12th. Although they have had to go so far to practice the girls have attended splendidly and will no doubt give Vancouver a good game. The line-up for the College will be as follows: Goal, Miss Ledingham; full-backs, Miss Schwengers and Miss Wrathall; half-backs, Miss Ramsay, Miss Nason, and Miss Bryden; forwards, Miss Erskine, Miss Hall, Miss Briggs (centre), Miss Clarke and Miss Heyland.

RUGBY.

On December 9th, the University and High School played a practice match at the Hospital Grounds. The game was very evenly contested and during the first half no score was made. In the second half both teams played hard, but neither were able to score until a few minutes from the end, when Sheldrick of University managed to ground the ball. The attempt at converting was a failure and the game ended with a score of 3 to 0, in favour of University. Both teams were glad of the practice, especially the High School, as they play Vancouver on the 12th of December.

BOXING.

Owing to the influence of Mr. Elliott boxing is again coming to the fore as an interesting as well as beneficial sport. Most of us are eager to learn the art of self-defence and one or two large noses is quite the thing. Mr. Sinclair has kindly allowed us the use of the Pemberton Gymnasium for two afternoons in the week, and from

sixteen to twenty have been attending regularly. The following have been elected as officers: Hon. President, Mr. Willis; Presidnt, Mr. Elliott; Vice-President, H. Eberts; Secretary, A. B. Boggs.

SHOOTING.

The High School Cadet Corps has done some good shooting at Clover Point Range this season. On Saturday, November 28th, a team of ten of the boys defeated a team of the same number from the University School by a score of 394 to 301. The weather was fine and some very good scores were made. At 200 yards McCallam and McDougal of the High School got the highest and at 500 yards Bowser, of University. McCallam got the highest total for the both ranges. Those shooting for the High School were: Lance Corp. McCallum, Cadet McDougal, Lieut. A. B. Boggs, Cadet H. Boggs, Sergt. Shopland, Cadet Elford, Lance Corp. Hanna and Corp. Dowler. Master Gunner Mulcahy acted as Range Officer and gave splendid satisfaction.

THE VANCOUVER GAMES.

Vancouver did the *veni vidi vici* act on the 12th, and as a result the two Thompson cups, for hockey and basket-ball, will take a trip across the Gulf of Georgia and stay in Vancouver for a while.

The teams came over on the 11th and were entertained at a dance that evening. Next morning the hockey and rugby games took place, ladies going first, as the book on good manners tells us is correct. There had been a heavy rain the night before and the grounds were in a very bad state. In the first half the Victoria girls seemed to have a little the better of the play, the score at half time being 2 to 1. In the next half, however, the Vancouver team did some hard pressing, in which the right wing, Misses Stone and Fraser and Miss McEwen of the half-backs took a prominent part. Our girls did some fine defense work, but in spite of all they could do they had two goals scored against them. At the call of time, however, they were bombarding their visitors' goal, and might have evened the score had not the referee, his watch and his whistle between them put an end to the game, with the score: Vancouver 3, Victoria, 2.

The team for Victoria was: Goal, Maud Ledingham; full-backs, Ada Schwengers and O. Wrathal; halves, Misses Ramsay, Nason and Brydon; forwards, Misses Erskine, Clarke, Briggs (captain), Hall and Heyland.

During the Rugby game the rain came down in torrents and near the end it was blowing a gale, so the weather conditions were not ideal. Our boys were up against a team who were well coached,

in better condition, and who had faster three-quarters. Considering that the Vancouver team has been beaten everything in Vancouver our boys did well to hold them down to the score they did, six points (two touches) to nil.

Our team lined up as follows: Full-back, M. Scott (captain), three-quarters, Carmichael, Boggs (H.), Gray, Shopland; halves, Clark and McRae; forwards, Thurburn, Johnson, Brown, Sprinkling, Boggs (A.), Moore, Day and Lyche.

Mr. Barnacle gave satisfaction to both teams as referee.

Defeated in both hockey and rugby, our hope centered on our backet-ball boys, but in vain, although they gave Vancouver a run for their money. The game was played in the rink before a large crowd. From the beginning it could be seen that Vancouver had better combination. In the first half they made 15 to our 7. But now comes the fun. Our boys seemed to have had some "Nemo" or 'Grape Nuts" or some other kind of "dope" the way they hustled things. They held their opponents down, not allowing them to score once, while they brought their score to 14. It was certainly a hair-raising finish, the only trouble being that it was not exciting enough by two points. Our team was: Guards, Pike, Shopland; centre, Spencer; forwards, Johnson (captain), Williscroft.

PERSONAL.

Say, Dooley, where did you get that sweater?

* * * * *

Wanted—Until Thursday, December 24, tenders will be received for the supply of curl papers to the undersigned. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H-r-o-ld C-mpb-ll.

* * * * *

Teacher (to one of several pupils who are talking)—"Here, F-nl-nd, are you responsible for that noise?"

F-nl-nd—"No, I'm not responsible."

* * * * *

Who said gowns? Oh scissors!

* * * * *

Notice McN--ll and his sweater playing Rugby?

* * * * *

Second year, Geometry Period—Mr. Russell: "Now this parabolical figure—"

Student (under his breath): "Diabolical, I call it!"

Say, N--y, how wide are those trousers? Fiends!!

* * * * *

"Two's company, three's a crowd," says the old rhyme. "Not so," says W-sc-tt.

* * * * *

"How are you, Lawson!"

* * * * *

New Student writes asking what the awful row is that can be heard every Monday and Thursday in the Assembly Room, the last period in the afternoon. We wish we knew what to call it.

* * * * *

Teacher—"You can't remember the date of Columbus' discoving America? See if this rhyme will help:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus crossed the ocean blue."

Teacher (next day to same pupil)—'Still you don't know that date? Don't you remember the rhyme I told you?"

Pupil—Oh, yes:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three
Columbus crossed the deep blue sea."

* * * * *

Empty your mouth, Scotty.

* * * * *

A matriculant must have been expressing his own feelings when he translated "Cupido impiger" as "lazy cupid." Girls, get busy!!!

Mike and Pat were two Irish friends—and Democrats. One day Mike learned that Pat had turned Socialist. This grieved Mike, who said: "Pat, I don't understand this Socialism. What is it now?"

"It means, dividing up things equally," replied Pat. "'Tis this way: If I had two million dollars I'd give you a million and keep a million myself—see?"

"And if you had two farms, Pat, what would you do?"

"I'd divide up, Mike. I'd give you one and I'd keep one."

"And if you had two pigs, Pat, what would you do."

"Now, Mike you go to thunder! You know I've got two pigs!"

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen watching its new occupant. "How d'ye do, Johnny," said he, "how's your pig today?" "Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"

A man entered a drug store in a hurry and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Shall I put them in a box, sir?" the clerk asked as he counted them out.

"Oh, no," replied the customer, "I want to roll them home."

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of der yeast and it sets behind der vest."

She was leaning on the rail,
And was looking deathly pale.
Was she looking for a whale?
Not at all.
She was Papa's only daughter,
Casting bread upon the water,
In a way she hadn't oughter,
That was all.

Upon moving into a new neighbourhood the small boy of the family was cautioned not to fight with his new acquaintances. One day he came home with a black eye and was very much spattered with dirt.

"Why, Willie," said Mamma, "I thought I told you to count one hundred before you fought!"

"I did, Mamma," said Willie, "and look what Billy Jenkins did while I was counting!"

"Mary had a little lamb."
You've heard that rhyme before,
But have you heard that Mary passed
Her plate and had a little more?

Pa—"Johnny, what are you making all that racket for?"

Johnny—"So I can go and play tennis with it."

Pa—"Then you need a bawl, too. Bring me the trunk-strap, young man."

Umpire—"Foul."

Freshie—"Where's the feathers?"

Umpire—"This is a picked team, sir."

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